

commiserate the dumb animals who must suffer silently, or the infant who can not understand his pain.

The child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath.

But the sufferer who could speak, yet does not, moves us still more. The condemned nun in Marmion strikes a high note when she says:

Now, men of death, work forth your will,
For I can suffer, and be still.

Epictetus, when his cruel master was beating him, warned him that if he struck so hard he would break his leg, and, when the leg was broken, calmly said, "I told you so."

The heathen writer, Celsus, told this story in opposition to the Christians, and asked, "Did your leader, under suffering, ever say anything so noble?"

"No," was the fine reply, "but He did what was still nobler—he kept silence."

His silence speaks more loudly than words, and shows us at least one way in which we may enter into the fellowship of His sufferings. When reviled, we can revile not again; when afflicted, we can wait patiently for our release. We are all too fond of complaining of our wrongs; we like to "have a grievance." But no sacrifice can be very real if we are continually talking of it. Suffering has no merit in itself; the important thing is that it be well borne. The more silently and uncomplainingly we bear our Cross, the more are we made "conformable unto His death."

Learn, then, from the silences of Christ as well as from His spoken words. Learn from them, among other things, the value of the quiet hour; the power of a silent rebuke; the need of waiting for God's answer. Above all, learn the nature of the sacrifice He asks all who follow Him to make. Be less ready to strive and cry, and cause your voice to be heard in the street, that you may better hear, in the silence, the still small voice of God.—Church of Scotland Magazine.

SHE GAVE HERSELF.

One of the missionaries at the Nashville Students' Volunteer Convention related the following pathetic incident of devotion to the Lord: "Over on the west coast of Africa, somebody carried the gospel to a young savage girl sixteen years of age, and she came into the house of God on Christmas day, to bring her offering, for they have a very beautiful custom of giving their best gifts to Christ on Christmas. They are poor, with a poverty that you and I know nothing about. Most of them could not bring anything save a handful of vegetables, but this girl, just saved out of heathenism, brought a silver coin worth eighty-five cents, and handed that to the missionary as her gift to Christ. He was so astonished at the magnitude of it, that he thought that surely the girl must have stolen this money, and for a moment he was about to refuse to accept it, but thought he had better take it to save confusion.

"At the conclusion of the service, he called her aside and asked her where she got that money, for it was really a fortune for one in her condition. She explained to him very simply, that in order to give to Christ an offering that satisfied her own heart, she had gone to a

neighboring planter and bound herself out to him as a slave for the rest of her life for this eighty-five cents, and had brought the whole financial equivalent of her life of pledged service, and laid it down in a single gift at the feet of her Lord."

PASTOR OR PREACHER?

We asked a friend, "How do you like your pastor?" and received this reply:

"We haven't one. Dr. X—is a good preacher and has no trouble in securing an audience, but he hasn't been in my house since he came, two years ago, except when we have formally invited him to dinner."

"Does he devote most of his time to study?"

"A fair amount, I think, and his sermons are, as I said, excellent; but visiting his parishioners seems a bore to him; their private affairs do not especially interest him."

"Is he faithful to the sick and to those in affliction?"

"I have a neighbor, a patient Christian girl, who has been in for years from spinal trouble, and she told me recently that she had not heard a prayer for five months. I asked her if Dr. X— never came in."

"Yes," she said, "he has been here twice. I sent for him the first time, but he tried to 'cheer me up' by telling me how becoming invalidism is to me, and how happy I must be in having such an accomplished and famous brother. The second visit was a similar waste of time. Is he ashamed of his discipleship?"

"But," we asked, "may not this neglect of opportunity be exceptional?"

"I fear not," the friend responded. "I have known of several families who sorely needed a minister in the truest sense of the word."

The same day we said to another acquaintance: "How do you like your pastor?"

"First rate," was his answer. "He is a good fellow, sensible and sympathetic; his preaching doesn't amount to much, for he does so much social visiting that he hasn't time for the preparation of the 'meat which endureth unto everlasting life'; but that doesn't seem to affect the size of the congregation. Our people are in the habit of going to church, and, like the whole world of saints and sinners, are always secretly hoping for the power which will bring down saving grace, so they go Sunday after Sunday."

These conversations were sobering. Alas, there are too many ministers of the gospel who are content to give half a loaf to the throng which is hungering for the living bread.

Theological seminaries should strive to furnish well-rounded men, and the men themselves should be so eager in the work of the Lord in whose name they go forth, that both pulpit and pastoral effort will be of the noblest. Our sentiments upon this subject are expressed by the well-instructed but forgetful child who, when asked at a luncheon which she would have, chicken or tongue, responded, "I like either; I will take both."

God asks of no one more than one is able to give. The poorest is asked only for his heart, and the richest for the same. The gift is equally pleasing, no matter from which it comes.